A LETTER

Sent by

AN *OXFORD* SCHOLLER

To his

Quondam SCHOOLEMASTER;

Wherein the PARLIAMENT is proved either not to be at all, or to be at *Oxford*: Their pretences detected, ſome objections anſwered, and the Kings cauſe ſo aſſerted, that the *Schoolmaſters* Anſwer doth acknowledge himſelfe convinc't.

As alſo the Scholler's Reply to that Anſwer; wherein he hath inſerted a *Love-Elegie* from one of the five Members to his Paramour, and his repulſe in her Anſwer.

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To the *READER.*

READER, *I anticipate thy cenſure with my owne, acknowledging that there is nothing of* worth *in theſe ſcriblings, but the* cauſe; *ſo that I am juſt like that* Shoomaker, *who diſcours't to* Apelles *about the* thigh, *when his skill reach't no higher then the* ankle. *I ſhould have remember'd* Scævola, *who would be no* Iack of all Trades; *but when ſome Clients askt him counſell in the Law, he referr'd them to* Cæſellius: *and when the* builders *askt adviſe of* Plato *the* Philoſopher, *hee ſent them to* Euclid *the* Geometrician. *I acknowledge the errour of my piety; I ſhould have left theſe* State *affaires to* Statiſts; *and whileſt they* build, *it had been preferment for me onely to carry away the* rubbiſh, *ſo that the greateſt reward that I can deſire, is pardon. But how little I did itch after a publique name, thou mayſt know by this,*

That I am ashamed to tell thee who I am: and indeed, it was for feare of being publique *that I desired to be in* Print; *for some false Copies were threatned the* Presse, *unlesse I would publish a* true *one; so that thou wilt quickly pardon the* act, *when thou considerest the* end: *for I did onely* commit *this* sinne, *that I might* avoyd *it.*

The

The true Copy of a LETTER ſent from an OXFORD Scholler to his *quondam* Schoole-maſter.

SIR,

OU will eſteeme it a *ſolœciſme* in your *Quondam* ſchollar, that he ſhould thinke it no falſe *Syntaxe* to *Catechize* his Maſter, and may wonder that twenty yeares doe not bluſh to inſtruct three-ſcore; but by way of relation to your *many* Lectures, you muſt pardon my gratitude if I read you *one*; for ſince the *Act* doth alwayes carry proportion with the *object*, I am ſooner to diſcard my *reverence* to a *Teacher*, then my *Loyalty* to a *Prince*. For whom as I muſt ſpend every drop of blood to fight his cauſe, ſoe I will ſhed every drop of inke to aſſert it: and though the aſſailant is weake, yet the cauſe is ſo ſtrong, that I doubt not but to convince your faith, however I may faile of your acknowledgment. Since as *Hannibal* overcame *Italy* with *Italian* Forces, ſo I may beate your owne ſwords to the injury of your foreheads, which you hold up for the defence of 'em; for when the *Parliament* (thoſe I meane who are *Nicknamed* ſoe) doe prove that Rebellion in the *Execution*, which they yet diſavow to have been in the *Intention*, their hands doe ſo lowdly give their toungs the lie, that I can confute their words by noe ſtronger arguments then their actions. Hence it is that I admire at His Majeſties unwearied goodneſſe which hath rob'd His ſenſes of ſo many houres ſleepe, whil'ſt it hath ſtoop't to a confutation of thoſe actions which for their evidence are indiſputable. To prove the object of ſence, is a taske for ſchoolboys; and I cannot wiſh my Enemies ſoe well, as the honour to fall by *Hercules*. Now Sir, that you may rightly ayme at the marke, I deſire you (as *Archers* uſe) to ſhut one eye; I meane, that of *Prejudice*. Bolt not

your eares to the meſſage, becauſe 'tis *I* that bring it; be not deafe to good counſell, becauſe you are reſolved *That no good thing can come out of Oxford.* Be not like thoſe *Indians*, who would not goe to Heaven for feare of meeting a *Spaniard* there: Nay, be not like your old ſelfe, who did therefore deteſt the *Liturgy* and *Hierarchy*, becauſe 'twas common to us with *Papiſts.* Could the Devill teach me goodneſſe, I would be his Diſciple. There is no better way to compoſe a good Proteſtant, then by imitating the ſuperſtitious *Capouchins* in continuall prayer; the Papiſticall *Paduans* in holy chaſtity; their Knighthood in the defence of Orphans and Widowes; the Pagan *Turkes* in pitty and charity; the Savage *Tartars* in honeſty, truth, and chaſtity; the *Cyprians* in affability and hoſpitality to ſtrangers; the Heathen of *Peru* in liberality to their God, King, and Countrey. Be not then (good Sir) like thoſe Harlots of *Ulna*, who paint their teeth blacke, becauſe the dogg's are white. Be not at ſuch a ſtubborne and reſolv'd enmity with us, as to foſter Rebellion, becauſe we are loyall; nor ſay with the *Lyrick* Poet,

Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.

Marius did not diſdaine to learne of *Hannibal*; nor had he freed the *Romans* at *Caudium*, had they not beene conquer'd at *Canna*: thinke it no brand to your credit to be your Schollers *Proſelyte.* O devote not your ſelfe to the darkneſſe of *Ægypt*, becauſe 'tis *I* that would leade you into the light of *Goſhen*; nor be the leſſe inlove with a retractation of your hereſie, becauſe the motive to it is vile. Truth lies not now (as *Antiquity* faign'd it) in a ditch, but is ſo obvious to the eye, that if you (being a Scholler) ſtumble at her, I ſhall thinke it is not becauſe you are blinde, but that you will not ſee. Thoſe (indeed) whoſe ſlender ſoules ſee no farther then their eyes, who not able to diſtinguiſh betwixt the Name and the Thing, call the *Conſpiracy* the *Parliament*, whoſe groſſer mindes being fed onely by hopes and feares, are too thicke to take in the finer nouriſhment of Reaſon; thoſe (I confeſſe) may be quickly cozened of their loyalty. But that your Intellect ſhould be be-nighted with ſuch a *Cymerian* darkneſſe, as not yet to be unclouded by the beames of our *Engliſh Sunne*, (*The Declarations of his Majeſtie*;) This ſtagger's my underſtanding.

1. O conſider with remorſe of conſcience how this Kingdome now labours with the *Falling Sickneſſe*, and (like men of that diſ-

eaſe)

eaſe) lies throbbing her owne bowels; the extremity of whoſe malady hath ſo taken away the ſenſe of it, that the giddy Rout ſtopping their eares to Accommodation (like the drunken *Lapithæ*) deſpiſe their Phyſitian.

2. Conſider how fertile our Land is in a *Cadmus* crop, when we may change but the name, and ſpeake *Lucan* of our ſelves, *Bella per Angliacos pluſquam civilia, &c.* And the then State of *Rome* was but the prophecy of ours: for,

Nec quenquam jam ferre poteſt Cæſárve priorem,
Pompeiúſve parem. That is,

The *King* will admit no Rivall, *Pym* no Superiour.

3. Conſider what a diſaſtrous event will attend this ſo unnaturall a Rebellion; that the leſſer Gods (though Gods) had no ſooner complotted to binde *Jupiter*, but there was a *Thetis* to detect the Treaſon, and a *Briareus* to defeate it: and though both ſides yet run like *Parallel* lines, yet they can never end in the ſame *Center*.

4. Conſider when you read *Homer* to me, what a ſpeciall notice you commanded me to take of that *Periphraſis*, by which he calls the *King* the *Paſtor* of his people,

——— Ἀγαμέμνονα ποιμένα λαῶν.

Now for Sheepe to butcher one another, were admirable; but to bring their Shepherd to the ſhambles, prodigie.

5. Conſider that *Aſperius nihil eſt humili, &c.*—— and what a combuſtion this Kingdome is already in, whileſt theſe *Phaëtons* of State aſpire to rule in CHARLES his *Waine*: nay, how it is like to be confounded into its old *Chaos*, unleſſe a *Thunderbolt* diſmount 'em from the *Sunn's Chariot*.

6. Conſider in what deteſtation future Parliaments will be had, whileſt *Poſterity* reflects on this; believing that then they will offend by *Preſcription*, when Rebellion is authorized by ſo high a Title; when the Court of Juſtice ſhall be a *Topick* for the approvement of *Vice*, and by the ſame *Logick* will diſpute downe that Conſiſtory, by which they prove Epiſcopacy unlawfull, becauſe ſome Biſhops have been bad. Nay, it will paſſe into a Proverbe with the *ſimplicity* of the *Vulgar*, to ranke the *Engliſh Parliament with the Spaniſh Inquiſition*. for wickedneſſe and the world are both of one growth; they'le thinke that *Neroni ſufficiet Nero*, that the Iron age is likely to be no mending one; and will be ſure to remember,

That

That when *Scipio* the father had endangered *Carthage*, *Scipio* the Sonne ruin'd it. This makes them ſit ſo long, becauſe they thinke they ſit their laſt.

7. Laſtly, conſider our Soveraigne under a double notion, how (as a *Chriſtian*) He rules *Himſelfe*, and (as a *King*) His *Countrey*. How the goodneſſe of His Majeſtie ſtands in *equipage* with the ſplendour of it. How He is ſo compos'd and made up of *Grace and Favour*, that he is a Prince as 'twere accompliſht for the indearing of His people; we ſhould vindicate him not onely as the father, but (as the *Græcians* did *Helena*;) —— ὡς νυὸν ἀνδρὸν αἰχμητάων, As the Bridegroome of his Countrey: for our deareſt Relations, which like divided ſtreames, runne ſeverall wayes, muſt all meet in him as in their proper Ocean. Adde this as an Epilogue to your conſiderations, that you would take it very ill if the lower *Claſſis* of your Schoole (but the *Plebeians* of that your Kingdome) ſhould take the *Burchen Scepter* out of your hand, and imploy it about your breetch. This (with pardon to my youth) is to prepare you for a fit Reader, leſt your ſuffrage ſhould be beſpoke, and taken up on to'ther ſide; for ſince Truth cannot comply with an erroneous Judgement, nor hold conformity with that rule by which it was not made: I deſire you to reade over what my ſhallow apprehenſion of theſe State matters is, with an unpreoccupied underſtanding.

The Parliament at firſt had not long ſate, when ſome *Pygmes* of fortune, out of a naturall Antipathy with thoſe of *taller* growth, did anxiouſly labour to make them ſhorter by the head; and being *Eagle-ſighted*, they endeavour'd to prune off thoſe ſpreading branches, which interpos'd as a Skreene betwixt the *Sunne* and *them*. Now, becauſe the people were to *act* that *Tragedy*, of which themſelves had laid the *Plott*, they muſt ſtudie ſome *impoſture* by which to *juggle* out their affections; ſo that Juſtice it ſelfe did now begin to be *acceſſary*, and Religion the *Pimpe* for vice. *Atheiſme* was to be work't in under pretext of *Reformation*; *Proteſtancy* to be work't out under the name of *Papiſme*. *Licentiouſneſſe* was ſollicited under the maske of *Liberty*; *Inconveniences* to be taken away for the introducements of *Miſchiefes*. Dirt was to be caſt on the *Ermyn*, and then he to be accuſed of being foule. He was to be argued of *Popery*, and ſo of *Perjury*. His very Declarations were accuſed of a curious garbe of *Rhetoricke*, and found guilty of an *Idea*; both majeſtick,

ſick, and yet decent. Their writings were to be credited even for their ſlovenly conveyance. The *Phrenſie* of the Pulpit had the reputation of *Zeale*, and men *poſſeſs't* with the ſpirit were eſteemed as *inſpired*. Some parts were to be let bloud for the preſervation of the whole; and inſtead of purging ill humours, they were to change the *Craſis* of the body. Like pictures that looke ſeverall wayes, or like the *ninth Orbe*, they were to move *Weſtward* in complyance with the King, and direct *Eaſt* in the progreſſe of their own deſignes. The *power* of Soveraignty was ſhaken to confirme the *right* of it, that ſo the people might *rebell* with the more obedience; and (as I dare ſweare many have done) that they might doe ill with a good conſcience, and fight againſt their King in a diſcharge of their *allegeance*. Anon they pretend to *Enthuſiaſme*, and (as *Numa* from *Egeria*, or *Mahumet* from the Angell *Gabriel*) to have direction even from God. So that now (like oppoſite lines in a Globe, which by being drawne aſunder, meet) the *Puritane* is *Papiſt*, (omitting the ſhriveing men from perjury after the battell at *Brainceford*) not onely in *Kingskilling*, but alſo in *infallibility*. For by this time *Pym* is *Pope* of *England*, as well as *Urban* of *Rome*. His aſſertion is his proofe, and the action of which he gives the reaſon, is the reaſon of the action; ſo that *Petere principium* is to argumentize beſt. The vulgar are of *Hiero's* minde. Ἀρχιμήδει λέγοντι πιστεύουν, they put their ſalvation into his hands; and to whatſoever he ſhall doe, they reſigne up their *conſciences*, as well as their *conſents*.

This foundation of a *Ruine* being laid, (that my Letter may not ſwell, I will give but one inſtance) they vote downe Biſhops, becauſe they have too much knowledge to be *ſeduc't* into their faction, and too much conſcienee to be *work't* to't. Here the *King* muſt have no *ſuffrage*, unleſſe He make it theirs: and as if His Oath did onely ſerve to *ſolemnize* His *Coronation*, they thinke it not enough for Him to part with His *Prerogative*, unleſſe He will diſpence with His *Religion* too: they had rather His Oath were *broke*, then the Biſhops *kept*. The *King* againe is refractary, and whil'ſt they *vote* Perjury to be no ſinne, He denyes to make it an *Act*. The *Militia* is to be ſetled in their hands who are intereſſed and engaged in this growing Treaſon, that they may *awe* Him to their *Votes*, to which they cannot *wooe* Him. And notwithſtanding thoſe evidences at *Edge-hill* and *Brainceford*, beſides the ſuborning of *Pam-*

phleteers for their Abettors, as of ſome to prove the *King a Papiſt*, and thoſe perfidious that will beleeve Him; of others that do averre Him to be *Univerſis minor*, though *Singulis major*; of a third ſort, who would have the Subjects coordinate with Him, not ſubordinate to Him, and the like; I ſay notwithſtanding all this, they are ſo famouſly *impudent*, as to proclaime themſelves loyall, and the Rabble ſo eminently *ſtupid* as to beleeve 'em. His *Majeſtie* (like a prudent *Halcyon*) fore ſeeing a *tempeſt* would be ſhortly, whileſt the *clouds* were o're his head, forſakes the unruly *Ocean*; and removes the Parliament to *Yorke*, though the *Title* ſtay'd behinde at *London*: for put the King's part of the Parliament (notoriouſly knowne to be the major) in one ſcale of your Judgement, and the leſſer part of *London* in the other; then ſuppoſe (not grant) the ballance in *Æquilibrio*, yet the King (who is heavier then both) being put to the greater part, muſt needs outweigh the leſſe: ſo that now you are brought to this *Dilemma*, that either the Parliament is *not*, or that it is not at *London*.

Ob. 1. *But you ſay, the King cannot breake off the Parliament.* I anſwer, that the King is an eſſentiall part of it, and therefore 'tis all one for him to leave it, and to breake it off, for the *cauſality* of *intrinſecall cauſes* is the *union* of them; and though the parts *united* are not diſtinguiſht from the whole, but *ratione ratiocinatâ*, yet taken aſunder they include a third *entity*; ſo that they of *London* are but an Συναμφότερον, and onely in *potentiâ eſſendi*, being not a body; and yet having no *repugnancy* to the making one, when they ſhall *unite* themſelves with the King: and though as yet but cyphers, yet they may make a number, when the royall figure ſhall be prefixt.

Ob. 2. *You ſay, He hath promiſed not to breake it off.* But the moſt *abſolute* promiſe is implicitly *hypothetical*; and though His Majeſtie did grant them a perpetuall *Seſſion*, yet granted with a *proviſo*, that they intrench't not on His *Prerogative*; inſomuch, that the promiſe doth no longer *obtinere*, when once they have rambl'd beyond the *pale* of their conditions. Beſides, if this Parliament was to have any end, (as doubtleſſe by ſitting whileſt they liſt, was not meant ſitting whileſt they live) it was to be broken off by the major part, (who are with the King) and not to remaine 'till the conſents of *all*. for that *all* will not conſent ſo much as to adjourne,

much

much leſſe to end it, is manifeſt by this, that they are hereby exempted from the tryall of their offences; from which the *name* of Parliament (though it *ſhould* not yet) *hath* priviledg'd 'em. for it was held *unlawfull*, that the King ſhould proceed againſt thoſe five Members according to *Law*; and to accuſe Traytors was a breach of priviledge. Therefore each ſingle perſon will deſire to continue *himſelfe* a whole *Shire* or *Corporation*, becauſe that hath beene a tricke to authorize the higheſt Treaſons, and is the *Tenure* by which they hold both their *Lives* and *Livings*; ſo that they love the continuance of the Parliament, as condemned ſtrumpets doe the continuance of their *great bellies*, onely to ſave 'em from the *Gallowes*.

Ob. 3. *You ſay, ſo* many *are more judicious then* one, *and therefore their verdict to take place.* But ſuppoſe the negative and affirmative Votes are even; if there be no *Umpire* to decide, then either they muſt caſt lotts on whoſe ſide it ſhall paſſe, or they are juſt like *Caligula*, who muſtered up his Souldiers to gather *Cockelſhells*; or like *Cato* in the Theater, *Qui ideo tantùm venerat, ut exiret*; and we ſhould finde them Regiſter'd with this μνημόσυνον:

In Parliament above five hundred men
Sate downe to Vote, and ſo roſe up agen.

Ob. 4. *You ſay, the Kings Prerogative is not leſſen'd, whileſt they aſſume ſo much.* You muſt pardon my unbeliefe if it be no part of my Creed: for the King and they being now *Antipodes*, their *Zenith* muſt be his *Nadir*; the more thoſe *Starres* doe aſcend our *Horizon*, the more this *Sunne* muſt fall downe; for the latitude of *Dominion* muſt be ſome way compleated in the body *Politique*, as the latitude of *Qualities* in the body *Naturall*; as where there are but three degrees of heat, there muſt be five of cold, according to that knowne Maxime, *Gradualis ambitus contrarietatis ſupplenda eſt ex uno, aut altero contrariorum.* Now the King and thoſe Rebels being *Diametrically* oppoſite, what you adde to their Authority, you muſt take from His.

That therefore the King is an abſolute Monarch, and by much ſuperiour to both Houſes, (He being deputed by God, and they but by the Countrey) though my *ignerance* in theſe high matters makes me feare to ſay I'le prove, yet I'le indeavour to illuſtrate by theſe emergent Arguments.

1. From the Universe, which is govern'd by *one* God; from whom also all Kings had their first institution. Hence *Euripides* in his *Andromache*, ἑνὸς ἁ δύναμις, ἀνὰ τε μέλαθρα κ̄τ τε πόλεας.

2. From the Common-wealth of *Cranes*, from whom (saith *Ælian. l. 3.*) mankinde at first learn'd their τὸ Κυβερνητικὸν, and (as *Plato* in his *Politicum*) they never encampe against the *Troglodytes*, but with due observation to their *Generall*.

3. From all *vegetable* bodies, which (if the parts be equall) will be *homogeneous*; and (if there be many heads) *monstrous*.

4. From all *mixt* bodies, which Philosophy will not allow should have a *Temperament ad Pondus*; for there is a Monarchy in their qualities, which would cease to be *active*, were they all equall; because *Similia non agunt invicem*.

5. From the confusednesse and mischiefe of the contrary; for the government of the *Consuls*, *Decemviri*, and *Tribunes*, were incompatible with the *Romans*, and inconsistent with an Empire of so long a durance; which forced them to that government which they had formerly refused; (viz.) of *Kings* call'd *Emperours*. This made *Ulysses* in *Homer*, breake forth to the *Gracians* in his

οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη, &c.———

6. From the suffrages of best Authors; and of infinite I will cite but few. *Plutarch* (*De tribus Reip. generibus*) proves this the best, and brings *Plato's Politicum* to confirme it. In *Herodotus* (*l. 3.*) when *Otanes* had made a speech for *Polyarchy*, *Megabyzus* for *Olygarchy*, and *Darius* for *Monarchy*, the foure Μεγαφόνοι preferr'd the last, which *Pythagoras* proves from the very nature of *Numbers*; whence *Plutarch* observes, that with *Homer*, *Unity* is convertible with *goodnesse*, and multitude with vice; which appeares by the contrary significations of ἠνηείη and δύη.

7. From the inferiour Heavens, which doe move at the pleasure of the *Primum mobile*. From the *Elements*; of which the lower so little aspire into the Territories of the highest, that they doe not *Levitare in suis locis*. And lastly from all that is *in* Nature, or *above* it, for God had more skill in *setting*, (when he compos'd the *Harmony* of the world) then to make all the *parts* in *unison*.

To conclude therefore, I will inferre from what I have said, these 6 Corollaries.

1. That the *Prædicament* of a *Common-wealth* is to be made according

cording to *Sub* and *Supra*; and that ours as well as the reſt, ought to have a *Summum genus* in't.

2. That the King is the very *ſoule* of the Kingdome, and that ſoule an *act*, of which the *will* as well as the *underſtanding* is a ſubſtantiall *faculty*; and that thoſe Rebels are but untam'd affections, proceeding from the *ſenſitive appetite*, which *Ariſtotle* calls τὸ ἀλόγιστον, the *beaſtly* part of the body.

3. That the *Machivillians* in *London* (*——O quis iniquæ tam patiens urbis!——*) have not onely endeavour'd, but have *de facto* altered the government of this Kingdome, of which the *Oligarchs* are in *London*, whileſt the *Monarch* reſides in *Oxford*.

4. That they have turn'd *Machiavel's* precept into practice, *Divide & impera*. for they have uncemented a great part of the *Members* from the *Head*, by invenoming His Name, and imbittering their natures. by ſtriking into them the *pannick* feares of *villenage*; and by ſetting up an *Idoll* at *Weſtminſter* for poore *Ignorance* to *fall downe to*; ſo that the abuſed multitude (fancying them to be what indeed they are not) doe not onely adore their owne *Workmanſhip*, but (what is worſe) their *Creature*.

5. That as they *falſely* proteſt they warre not againſt the *King*, but His evill *Counſellours*, ſo we may *truly* ſweare, that the *King* fights not againſt the *Parliament*, but the *Diſturbers* of it.

6. Laſtly, that they have nothing in them of a *Parliament*, but the bare *Notion* and *Place*; and that the beſt of their actions doe looke no otherwiſe, then as if (with *Heroſtratus*) their *Authors* committed them for no other end, then to be *notorious* enough for a *Chronicle*. which for the *unworthineſſe* ſhall be regiſter'd in the ſame Catalogue with *Litiſar* the *Dyer* in the dayes of *Richard* 2. *Joſeph* the *Blacke-ſmith*, (*H.* 7.) *Robin Ket* the *Tanner* (*Edw.* 6.) *Jack Cade* (*H.* 6.) *Wat Tyler* and *Jack Straw* (*R.* 2.) But rather then the King ſhall want ſtrength to overwhelme theſe Rebels, I doubt not but the cloudes will drop downe in a ſhower of *Locuſts* to devoure them, as ſometimes in *Norwey* it hath rain'd *Lemmers*. I doubt not but the people will be one day diſ-infatuated; That their *Seducers* (like *Actæon*) may bee eaten up by their owne *Hounds*. But ſhould our ſucceſſe be worſe, I would not thinke their cauſe the better; knowing that the *Arme* is let bloud, when

the disease lyes in the *Stomack*: and whilest God punishes us for their *faults*, I shall esteeme their *Victory* their *Judgement*. So heedfully resolves

The most sollicitous

of your welfare

* * *

The SCHOOLEMASTER'S *Answer.*

I Have read your Letter, which hath made me your *Convert*; for the *pathos* of your stile hath had such strong influence on my *reason*, and the savage performance of those Rebels doth so disprove their faire promises, that I confesse my selfe overcome, and must *Herbam porrigere*. Now that your Letter may convert others by my example, I desire you (with the concealement of my name) to make it *Publici juris*: for I would *Palinodiam canere* so *loud*, that all the world might heare it. For that respect's sake which you once did beare to me your Master, let it in *Lucem prodire*; for there are imperfect Copies flowne abroad from my hands, which some intend to commit to Presse, *Publicæ utilitatis ergò*. My haste (for I am now giving *Homer's* Lecture) will let me say no more, then that I am

A Loyall Subject and a

loving friend ooo.

THE

The Gratulatory REPLY *to that* ANSWER.

SIR,

YOu cannot imagine in what an extremity of joy I now live, not ſo much that I had the *honour*, as the *happineſſe* to convert you. as well for my owne ſake, in whoſe tender'ſt thoughts you had a great proportion; as more eſpecially for yours, who can now looke unhoodwinck't on thoſe men of darkeneſſe, who ſeeke to ſacrifice a *Majeſtie* to their wilde *luſts*. with whom a great part of people doe commit Idolatrie, (as the poore *Indians* worſhip the Devill) that they may doe them no harme; not fearing them for *love*, but loving them for *feare*: and ſo they doe not pay them the Tribute of *Reverentiall*, but *Servile Homage*. Poore ſoules! who hope to flatter *Hell* into a *Sanctuary*, and ſo looſe their *refuge* by running to an *Aſylum*, like *Fannius* in *Martial*, who died to avoid death.

Dic mihi, non ſtultum eſt ne moriare, mori?

Another part of men thinking *Rebellion* ſtronger then *Juſtice*, doth comply with it, *becauſe they have too much to looſe*. A third quite contrary, *becauſe they have too much to get*. And the laſt and moſt to be deplored, (whoſe underſtandings are abuſed by thoſe grand *Machivillians*) fight *againſt* the King *in* His *owne Cauſe*, *offend* Him in His *Defence*, and deſtroy the *Eſſence* of Parliament, to preſerve the *Priviledge* of it: As if Parliaments (like the waters of *Bethesda*) could not cure a *leprous* Common-wealth, before they were *troubl'd*: Or as if the *Kingdome* (like a *Watch*) could not poſſibly be mended, unleſſe

unleſſe the wheeles and parts were taken aſunder. I dare ſay the leaſt of theſe foure faults was yours; which as you were ſo much Man as to commit, ſo you have beene ſo much Chriſtian as to repent. And becauſe I was ſo *luckie* as to *purge* your *affections*, though perhaps not ſo *wiſe* as to *cleare* your *Reaſon*; I will write as pathetically as my ſlender skill will give leave (and *the cauſe inſpire*) to my Cozen *B.* for perhaps my *youth* may worke ſtronger with him, then that *age* which can wooe him wiſer; eſpecially, becauſe I know he loves me well, and hath ſo faire an example as your ſelfe to follow.

Thus farre, Sir, I have wrote ſadly to you, give me leave to entertaine you now with a little mirth: It is the Love-Elegie of a *Politick Amoriſt*, which if hee did not make himſelfe, but procured ſome body to doe it for him, yet I dare ſweare the ſenſe is all his owne. I have ſent the Anſwer too, if both can but procure one ſmile from your ſerious forehead, I ſhall thinke the paines of writing it well paid for.

Carmen

Carmen Eroticon ab uno Membrorum quinque, ad Dilectiſsimam ſuam amicam *D. C.*

Ille ego prognatus de nigreſcente Caballo,
Quem fertur moriens *ſponte dediſſe* Pater,
En Patrem *refero,* (petulans *genus extat* equorum)
Pronus in amplexus (Diva Corinna) *tuos.*
Ille ego cordato cujus moderamine, vobis
Nondum clauduntur (Parliamenta) *fores,*
Quem ratis Angliacæ Typhin, *quem quiſque popelli,*
Regalis currûs Automedonta *vocant,*
Quique Stuartiadis Caroli *Diadcmata vinco,*
Vincor captivus (Pulchra Corinna) *tuus.*
Curribus en jungit binas Cytheræa *columbas,*
Cantat Iõ *victrix,* ecce Triumphus, *ait.*
Et tibi ſubjectus, jam nunc dediſco rebellem;
Quem nequiit pietas *flectere, flexit* amor.
Et licet haud valeo Dominum *tolerare* Carollum,
Te fateor Dominam (*ſancta* Corinna) *meam.*
Ah me diſcipulum Veneris *plus fulmine ſternunt,*
Ex oculi pharetris ſpicula jacta tuis.
Nec tam regales faſces amor urget habendi,
Quàm quibus ingenii ſis potienda modis.
Aureus *in gremium patulum tibi* (*chara*) *venirem,*
Ut quondam Danaë Jupiter *imbre ſua.*
En tibi ſubmitto jugulum; ſi juſſeris ipſa,
Sedulus in funes *obvia colla dabo.*

Non me latratu terret canis iſte trifauci,
Quando concubitum (lux mea) quæro tuum.
Iphias ó Capaneu *non tunc magis arſit amore,*
Quum fertur rapidis deſiliiſſe rogis.
Sæpius ad trutinam tua dum voco membra, videtur
In tete ſolam multa fluiſſe Dea.
Inque domo menti *petulans* Cytheræa *reſidit,*
Inque tuis oculis cœſia Pallas *adeſt.*
Occupat & frontem ſpacioſam ſoſpita Juno,
Incolit & digitos prævia lucis *Eos.*
Cum ſubit in mentem nox iſta noviſſima, quando
Miſcuimus placido membra ſilenda toro;
O mihimet geminus quoties occurrit ocellus,
Qualiter & lepidus fronte renidet Amor;
Quum memoro læves humeros, habileſque papillas,
Ulnas candidulas, & juvenile femur;
(Quod caput eſt formæ) capitis dum cogito formam,
Et meditor poſitam non ſine lege comam;
Iſtam præcipuè ſimulac ego cogito partem,
Partem quam verbis indigitare pudet;
Ah quò tunc rapior! quantis tunc æſtibus uror?
Quàm furiis *inſtar pectore ſævit Amor?*
Diſtrahor hinc atque hinc; & curas mente voluto,
Ut rudis indomito fluctuat unda mari.
Millena in mentem ſubeunt molimina noſtram,
Dum rabidus meditor quâ potes arte capi.
Utque ſaginatus reſerato carcere Taurus,
Obvia cum fuerit crebra Juvenca, *ſalit;*
Seu velut in luxum præceps fuit iſte Caballus,
Qui Matrem *paſſim fertur amâſſe meam;*
Sic pariter totum ſpirant mea corda Pryapum,
Seu mihi per ſomnum *(pulchra puella) ſubis;*
Sic mea turgeſcunt aliter languentia membra,
Seu mihi per mediam *tu ſubis (Alma)* diem.
Quum fato fungar, ſic ſic laſcivia vitam
Auferat; ah placuit ſic mihi ſæpe mori.

Nec

Nec pudibunda nimis metuas ab amante procari,
Famellas novi ſæpe fuiſſe procos.
Pulchra Laertiaden *iterúmque iterúmque* Calypſo
Heu precibus caſſis uſque manere rogat.
Dardanium *juvenem ſitiebat* Punica Dido;
Cynthia *cum labiis* Endymiona *petit.*
Et licèt agreſtem (*modò vati credis*) Adonin
Idaliam *dicunt ſæpe procâſſe Deam.*
Quanta ſit Idalia *expendas, &* Cynthia *quanta,*
Sunt utraque Deæ; fac imetêre Deas.
Tu tamen haud procus es, velut hæ; ſed & ipſa procaris.
Solus ago, ſolùm tu patiâre velim.
Sis procul à faſtu, neve aſſimilêve Sabinis;
At faciles aures tu perhibere velis.
Quid ſi vel naſus, vel frons mihi deſit eburnea?
Murice *nec* Tyrio *ſubrubuêre gena?*
Eſt color incertus, ne tu confide colori;
Decipitur pulchro Graia *puella viro.*
Pelle licèt tenebræ *dominantur*, Lux *tamen intus;*
Vileo ſi membris, ſplendeo mente tenus.
Quid licèt harmonico *careant mea membra* tenore?
Et male-concinnus quilibet artus erit?
At Caro pingueſcit, mihi ſunt & mollia crura;
Suraque ſuppetiit ſemivieta mihi.
Squalidus eſt oculo, digitis *arridet obeſus;*
Quod formâ *minus eſt, hoc mihi ſupplet* adeps.
Millibus ex multis (experto crede) *puellis,*
Gaudia quæ mihi fert plurima, pinguis *erat.*
Hoc eſt in cauſâ, quod nunc (*uxore relictâ*)
Noſtri feſtinant ad tua rura pedes.
Nempe voluptatis nihilum mihi frigida conjux
Suppeditat, penè eſt iſte ſenilis ager.
Mandamus tritis ſemen ſine fœnore ſulcis;
Nullaque tondetur falcibus inde ſeges.
Sed tuus (*ô utinam!*) *pariat mihi gramina* Campus,
Viderunt agri *vix tria luſtra Tui.*

Ætas non unquam retrò *retro-acta vocatur;*
Florem, dum florem, *Carpo (Corinna) tuum.*
Quandocunque tamen nos conveniemus in unum,
Corpore molliculo fac sine Teste *fruar.*
Non quasi castratus spado, *sic sine* Testibus *essem,*
Sed quia lascivum nolo patere *torum.*
Secretísque jocis fac alta silentia præstes;
Quum placidum nobis hoc peragetur opus.
Nam non Privatus, *sed jam* Res publica *fio;*
Et mihi vel Cœcus *quilibet,* Argus *erit.*
Aptius idcirco cùm prima crepuscula lucent,
Ad lectum veniam (blanda Corinna*) tuum.*
Et mihi furtivos aditus transenna *fenestræ*
Astruet, à dextra quà patet uda palus.
Nuper enim cùm nocte toro convenimus illo,
Infidæ (memini) ter *crepuêre fores.*
Tunc indoctus eram, nunc usu promptior exto;
Et magis assiduè jam taciturnus ero.
Neve tuus videat Genitor, Custodibus *(etsi*
Carceris insontem) Parliamenta *dabunt.*
Mutuò tunc nobis aderit satis ampla voluptas;
*Quæ quoad eveniat, (*Diva Corinna*)* Vale.

The

The Answer.

WHat, *Latin Sir?* why there is no man
That e're thought you an *Engliſh Roman.*
Your *father horſe* could teach you none,
Nor was it e're your *mother tongue.*
Your education too aſſures
Me, that *your* Poëm is not *yours.*
Beſides, I thought you did deteſt
The language of the Latine *beaſt.*
But now your *impudence* I ſee
Did hereby ſhew it's *modeſty.*
Each ſyllable would *bluſh*, you thought,
If it had beene plaine *Engliſh* taught.
And that your foule debauched ſtuffe
Might doe its errant faſt enough,
Forſooth your wiſedome thought it meet
That words might *runne*, to give 'em feet.
Pardon me, Sir, I me none of thoſe
That love *Love-Verſe*, give me your *Proſe.*
I wiſh each Verſe to make delay,
Had turn'd *lame Scazon* by the way.
I read a *Hell* in every line
Of your polluted *feſcennine.*
Your Verſes *ſtunck*; to keepe 'em *ſweet*
You ſhould have put *ſocks* on their *feet.*
And that the Anſwer which I ſhall
Now write, may be methodicall.

Ile briefly make ('tis not amiſſe)
An *Anacephalæoſis.*
And firſt I look't for *Neſtor*, when
Meere *Cupid* trickl'd from your pen.
Who was your father, you make proofe
By your *Coult's tooth*, though not your *hoofe.*
She that was great with you, you hold
Did not *lye in*, but was with *fold.*
I wonder one ſo *old*, ſo *grave.*
Should yet ſuch *youth*, ſuch *lightneſſe* have.
Of the five *Members*, you alone
Shall be eſteem'd the *Privy* one.
Who (like the *Gnoſticks*) preach; your Text
Increaſe and multiply; and next
Convincing *Doctrines* you deduce,
Put out the lights, and ſo make *Uſe.*
You ſay I am a *maid* exceeding
Apt to be taught by you *good breeding.*
But where there's *breeding*, it is ſaid,
There's none, unleſſe a *broken* maid.
Turne Papiſt (*ſtallion*,) they'le diſpenſe
With whoredome by an *Indulgence.*
Turne *Fryar*, that thou mayſt be free
At once with a whole *Nunnery.*
There 'twill be vertue to ride on
The Purple *Whore* of *Babylon.*
Thou mayſt as ſoone be *Turke*, as *King*;
And that, ô that's the Tempting thing.
Then thou mayſt glut thy appetite
With a *Seraglio* of delight.
I am no *Proſerpine*, that thus
I ſhould deſire an *Incubus.*
But you muſt *Vote* (if me you'le winne)
No Fornication to be Sinne.
You ſay the *Houſe* takes it not well,
The *King* 'gainſt *Rebels* ſhould *rebell*;

And

And that's the reaſon why you ſtand
To be *Dictator* of the Land.
Which mov'd me to a mighty toyle
Of getting *Vardigreaſe* and *Oyle*;
'Cauſe ſuch *Itch Med'cine* is a thing
That's fitteſt to *annoint* you *King*.
You ſay youl'd *undergoe* and doe
Wonders, would I *undergoe* you.
For my ſake you would *Cobler* play,
Your Trade ſhould be to *underlay*.
For me you'de ſpend your *chiefeſt bloud*;
Pray ſpend it on the *Siſterhood*.
You wiſh to die in thoſe great *fights*
Of *Venus*, where each *wound* delights.
And ſhould I once to Heav'en take wing,
You'ld follow me though in a *ſtring*.
Thanke you (good Sir) it is our will
You your laſt promiſe doe fulfill.
There's nothing ſpoke that pleaſeth us
Like your [*In funes ſedulus.*]
Next come thoſe idle twittle twats,
Which call me many *God-know's-what's*:
As hallow'd, beautifull, and faire,
Supple, and kinde, and Debonaire.
You talke of women that did wooe;
When I am mad, I'le doe ſo too.
Then that my father may not ſpie
The couplëing of you and *I*,
He ſhall be guiltleſly detected
As a *true Subject*, *ill-affected*:
And ſo the *Proteſtant* ſhall lye
In Gaole for feare of *Popery*.
[From hence it is that every Towne
Almoſt is now a Priſon growne,
Where Loyalty lyes fetter'd; then
You doe *commit* more Sinnes, then Men.]

But

But thoſe your words I have thought beſt
Should *puniſh't* be, by being *preſs't*.
And that this *body* Politick
May then be *well*, which lye's now *ſick*;
May the *Greeke* Π, that fatall *Tree*,
This Spring beare all ſuch *fruit* as *thee*.

FINIS.